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## The Newport Mercury,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1765, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest paper in the English language. It is a large quarto newspaper, its columns filled with interesting—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable features, and household departments, reaching so many people in so many and other ways, that a large space given to advertising is valuable to business men.

FRONT PAGE: \$3.00 a year in advance. Single copies, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication, and at the various news dealers, and at the special news-stands, and special advertising by addressing the publisher.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

Mrs. NATHANIEL GARNER, Council No. 6, Order United American Mechanics; John M. Holt, Councilor; J. H. Brown, Recording Secretary; meets every Monday evening.

FRATERNAL LODGE No. 18, I. O. O. F.; William Allen, Noble Grand; Wm. H. Boone, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening.

AMERICAN LODGE No. 33, N. E. O. P.; Frank G. Root, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings.

NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, A. K. McMahon, President; J. J. Butler, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

PERFECTION LODGE No. 33, K. of H. Director; Andrew Jackson; Reporter; C. H. Chase; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

KNOWLTON LODGE No. 11, K. of P.; William H. Langley, Chancery Commander; Herbert L. Marsh, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, K. H. K. of P.; Sir Knight Captain, John H. Wetherell; Daniel P. Hall, Recorder; meets last Friday evening in each month.

## Local Matters.

The Brown University Alumni Association of Newport will hold its seventh annual meeting and banquet at the rooms of the Business Men's Association next Tuesday evening. President Andrews and Professor W. C. Poole and of the University and Mayor Horton will be among the guests of the Association. A quartette from the University will be present to sing college songs.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Newport Business Men's Association, Monday evening, Mr. F. M. Hamill was elected a member of the executive committee, vice Mr. B. B. H. Sherman resigned, the house rules were amended in certain particulars and five new names were admitted to the membership roll.

The members of Narragansett Club, 334, Lyceum League of America, and their friends had a good time at Old Fellow's Hall Monday evening. A programme of readings and recitations by Mr. F. W. Green and music by the Crescent Mandolin and Guitar Club was followed by dancing.

At a special meeting of Company B, 1st Regiment, R. I. M., (Newport Light Infantry) Monday night, promotions were made as follows: First Lieutenant Andrew T. Longbush to captain, Second Lieutenant John S. Burke to be first lieutenant, and Sergeant William J. Underwood to be second lieutenant.

An interesting pool contest at the Dame House Monday evening, between James Courtney and W. O. P. Hall, resulted in a victory for the former.

Tug Fortune returned from New York Sunday having on board a number of apprentices for the Training Station.

Messrs. King & McLeod, of the Boston store, have gone to Joliet, Ill., where they have a large branch establishment.

Messrs. Briggs & Co., of Commercial Street, have just received a large import of gluten feed which they offer at very low prices.

Steam yacht Conqueror, with Mr. F. Vanderbilt and his party on board, sailed from Brunswick, Ga., Tuesday last.

Mrs. Elizabeth Faisneau, of New Bedford, has been in town this week, the guest of Mrs. Henry C. Stevens on Moulton Square.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Chase have returned from an extended visit among friends in the Grinnell State.

Mrs. Harvey E. Read has been in Amherst, Mass., this week, visiting her sister, Mrs. N. B. Thompson.

Hon. W. J. Swinburne, who had an attack early in the week, is convalescent.

Mr. Thomas P. Peckham, who is being treated in Boston, is reported as improving rapidly.

Mr. Thomas E. Gould, of Milton, Mass., has been in town this week.

### Building at Jamestown.

The new villa being erected at Jamestown for Mr. Isaac H. Clothier of Philadelphia is rapidly approaching completion, the third and a part of the second stories being already finished. This house, which it is to cost about \$60,000, is situated on what is known as Bull's Point, just north of old Fort Dumpling, and commands unobstructed views of the ocean at the south, the Providence river at the north, and the bay, the torpedo station, Fort Adams, and Newport at the east.

Mr. Robert W. Curry, of this city, who is the builder of the above, has also made extensive alterations to the Laredo Cottage, recently purchased by Mr. Edward H. Ogden of Philadelphia, which is located at the Dumpling, and is now putting up in connection with the same a handsome stable measuring 45x32 feet.

Mr. Curry has kept a large force of men at work thus far this winter, having had as high as sixty. His present force numbers about forty-five men.

### Death of Mrs. Whitney.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, wife of ex-secretary of the navy, died at her New York home last Sunday morning of heart disease. Few outside of her family and most intimate friends were aware of her critical condition and the news of her decease was a great shock to hosts of people on both continents. Being one of the most prominent and popular members of society and, at the same time, one of the most thoughtful and generous of American women, her death will be a public bereavement, mourned by all classes. Especially will her loss be felt in Newport, where she had become recognized as one of the most prominent and popular of summer residents.

### Rhode Island Letter Carriers.

Nearly 100 members of the Rhode Island Letter Carriers' Association assembled at Woonsocket Saturday night, the occasion being the Association's third annual banquet, and a very pleasant and profitable time was enjoyed. Mr. William H. Lee, of this city, acted as toast master and the speakers included Mayor Pond, of Woonsocket, President John J. Goodwin, of the National Association, Col. J. B. Pease, of the Woonsocket Reporter, Secretary John F. Victory, of the National Association, Mr. Daniel Brown, of this city, Mr. Charles H. Rhodes, of Providence, Mr. George Chapin, of Pawtucket and Mr. James J. Nolan, of the Woonsocket Call.

The "ladies night," which was to have been given by the Newport Lodge of Elks last month, but which was postponed on account of the death of Mrs. John Waters, has been arranged for Thursday evening, 23d inst., at Newton's Hall. An excellent entertainment, similar to that given by the Artillery Company last week, will form an interesting part of the programme.

### Street Railway Stock at Auction.

In accordance with the vote of the stockholders seventy shares of the common stock of the Newport Street Railway Company were put up at auction noon on Monday. There was a good attendance and the bidding was brisk. Mr. Burtingham was the auctioneer, and two stock was offered in lots of from 1 to 5 shares. The first lot offered was sold to John Whipple at \$14. Mr. Whipple also bought ten other lots, paying an average price of \$12.10 per share. Five shares were sold to A. C. Titus, at \$12.50, and a second lot of a like amount at \$10. G. B. Reynolds bought five shares, at \$112. The average price obtained was \$78.75 into the treasury of the company from premiums.

The regular meeting of Hythecha Chautauqua Circle was held Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Spooner on Division street. There was a large number of members present and vocal and instrumental music, games, social chat and refreshments filled up the evening to the delight of all.

The old New Hampshire, which was for a long time the schoolship at the Training Station here, is to be fitted up for the use of the naval reserve in New York, and also, in case of necessity, for the use of cabin passengers from other infested ships. New York stands the expense.

The Newport members of the defunct order of the Fraternal Circle have been made happy this week by the receipt of checks representing 70 per cent. of the money they had put into the Order in assessments. Another small division is promised later.

Miss Louise, daughter of the late Hon. Isaac Hall, Jr., and niece of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, will make her debut into society next Monday night, by a ball given in her honor in New York.

Mr. Harry Kent, of Brooklyn, died at his residence in that city Monday after a very brief illness. Mr. Kent, who was state room clerk at the Fall River Line office in New York, was well known in Newport where he was a frequent visitor.

The Rev. Albert H. Shifflet, of Pontiac, R. I., will officiate at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Middletown, on Sunday (tomorrow), and there will be a celebration of the holy communion at half past ten in the morning.

The local cultural entertainment at the Opera House Thursday evening was a good one and it was greeted with a full house.

### A Burglar Caught.

The Dowling family on Perry street had quite an exciting adventure with a burglar at an early hour Tuesday morning, but each member proved equal to the occasion and the result should be a wholesome warning to would-be midnight visitors to this household in the future.

Mr. James Dowling, the father, who sleeps on the second floor, on the Bellino court side of the house, was awakened between 12 and 1 o'clock, and, noticing that the street lights on the court had been extinguished, reached for his watch to see the time. His watch was gone, however, and he called to his daughters, who occupied an adjoining room, to know if they had removed it. Getting a negative reply he got up and stepped out into the hallway where he encountered a strange man.

The young ladies, realizing that something was wrong, knocked on the door of their room which roused their brother Phillip, sleeping in the room below, and he rushed to his father's assistance upstairs where he was soon joined by his two brothers, Charles and James. This was too much for the intruder, and he "wilted." He pretended that he was a stranger and had got into the house by mistake, but he was forced to empty his pockets, and Mr. Dowling's watch and well-filled pocket book, together with numerous other articles of more or less value, appearing in the production, it was decided to turn him over to the authorities.

The police were notified and the stranger was taken to the station house where he was identified as John Reynolds, a member of Labor Union No. 17, of Brookline, Mass., who had arrived in Newport the night before as a delegate to the labor convention held in Hibernian Hall on Tuesday, and he had already served a seven year term in the Massachusetts State prison.

### A Guide to the World's Fair.

The great Columbian exhibition, which is to open in Chicago May 1st, will surpass in magnitude and magnificence anything of the kind ever seen before either in this or any other country.

It will be the grand culmination of the world's progress in the last four hundred years. All nations will have a part in it and all the world will go to see it. In order to see this great exhibition advisedly it will be necessary to read up beforehand a full description of the buildings, exhibits, ways of getting there and many other facts concerning it. To do this successfully Mr. Thomas J. Weaver of this city is offering the "Artistic Guide to Chicago and the World's Columbian Exposition"—a book of 400 pages elegantly illustrated and handsomely bound for \$1.50. It is a valuable work and no one should be without it whether they intend to go to the fair or not.

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The Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society's Fair which has been in progress at Masonic Hall during this week closes tonight, when the result of the voting for the various "popular" people will be announced and the prizes awarded. The attendance has been good all through the week and the dividends have been liberal.

Mr. Samuel L. White, known to his intimates as "Bishop," died at the Everett House in New York, where he has been chief clerk for many years. Tuesday morning, the deceased was one of the oldest and best known hotel men in the country. He was clerk at the Ocean House, in this city, in 1851.

Mr. William M. Southwick, who died in Providence and whose remains were brought here for burial last week Tuesday, was a son of the late Benjamin Southwick and grandson of the late Silas Southwick of this city.

The Rev. Albert H. Shifflet, of Pontiac, R. I., will officiate at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Middletown, on Sunday (tomorrow), and there will be a celebration of the holy communion at half past ten in the morning.

A resolution was passed requesting His Honor, the Mayor, and the city solicitor to urge the passage, by the General Assembly, of an act whereby the fire department shall be put on much the same footing as the police department. The chief engineer,

### CITY COUNCIL.

Regular Meeting Tuesday Night—John E. Lake Elected Chief of Fire Department—Vice Chief Tilley Resigned—The Water Rates to be Reduced.

The regular meeting of the City Council for February was held Tuesday evening. Mayor Horton presided over the Board of Aldermen and Mr. President Macauett over the Common Council and every member of each body was present.

An executive communication, accompanied by an announcement from Mr. John S. Coggeshall to the effect that Col. Wm. H. Tilley resigned, and Geo. W. Fidder member of fire company, to fill a vacancy, and re-elected Messrs. Wm. H. Harvey, John Howard, Geo. A. Hazard, Joshua Hammond, James A. Eddy and Timothy Buckley surveyors and measurers of lumber.

In the Board of Aldermen Geo. W. Tozier and Joseph Jenkins were added to the special police list and the report of the committee for the extension of Central court was rejected.

### Unity Club.

Last Tuesday evening this Club had a study meeting at which Miss Sarah Ladd read an essay on "Art in Japan," an excellent summary of the oriental conceptions of art held by the Japanese.

Part of the paper dealt with the great principles which underly Art in all countries and all ages. The subject of "Mistress and Maid" was aptly discussed by the ladies, each of whom contributed good papers, the ladies being Mrs. James M. Bixby and Miss E. H. Swinburne. Training schools for domestic servants, and certificates of character during terms of employment, were recommended as well calculated to meet the grave defects at present existing.

total, \$12,500. The bill for rearranging the ward lines, although it had been reduced in committee from \$1800 to \$1300, created considerable discussion on the part of the Democratic members of the Board of Aldermen, Mr. Boyle moving to amend by striking the bill \$1050. The amendment was lost, however, on an aye and nay vote of 8 to 2 and the bill of \$1300 was passed and ordered paid.

The report of the Committee on Streets and Highways was read and received and on its recommendation Jouns Elias and others were given leave to withdraw their petition relating to the running of street cars.

On recommendation of the committee on Fire Department, the providing of No. 4 steam fire engine with a water tank at a cost not to exceed \$125 was authorized, as was also the purchase of 2000 feet of white anchor hose, and a fire hydrant was ordered placed on Harrison avenue at a cost not to exceed \$100 which money was provided by special appropriation.

The committee on Water Supply reported having had a very pleasant conference with directors of the Newport Water Works Co., and recommended that it be given authority to enter upon an agreement with the company for a reduction of rates. The following resolution was then read and passed by a strict party vote, the Democrats opposing it:

Resolved, That the committee on Fire Department, and that the said committee on Water Supply, and they hereby are directed, with the view of making a final adjustment of all controversies pending between the city and the Newport Water Works Co., for the reduction of rates, be authorized to enter into a contract with the company for the supply of water for domestic purposes only, to the water works at the rate of one dollar per thousand cubic feet, and for fire hydrants for fire extinguishing, fire and street maintenance, and to keep pipes and hydrants in a good state of repair, and for the payment of expenses in connection therewith, for a period of one year, and that the said water works shall charge for water supplied to the city at the rate of one dollar per thousand cubic feet, and for fire hydrants at the rate of one dollar per thousand cubic feet, and for the payment of expenses in connection therewith, for a period of one year, and that the said water works shall charge for 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(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER IV.

BLACK, THE FARMER'S SON.

Mark took his pipe and went down to the yard to have a smoke. Going back to the barn he entered into conversation with an old darky sitting on a barrel by the stable door and evidently master of the horse.

"Fine night, uncle."

"Yas, hor, fine night, sah."

"That's not very good tobacco you're smoking, uncle. You'd better take some of this lay."

"Thank y', sah."

"Do you hear any news, uncle?"

"Dan'l, my son's Dan'l, sah. No, man I can't go no news up to you. I'm getting mighty thick at Chattanooga."

"Do you know how many are there?"

"I reckon 'bout free hundred thousand."

Mark laughed.

"You're not much at figures," he said. "No, sah, I ain't got no horizon."

"Uncle, I shan't want anything of you while I'm hyar, but you must have some to remember me by all the same," and Mark put a new crisp dollar greenback in the old man's hand.

"Bress de Lord, you la do fine's spearmen ob a po' white gentleman I Oberhau do faculafullo ob meeter."

"Well, don't spell it all by them other hands. Keep it to yourself."

"She mif. I ain't gwine to tell nobody."

Mark left Uncle Daniel chuckling on his barrel and strolled about the grounds. Presently he found himself walking near the front of the house. The mother and daughter sat on the veranda in the moonlight. Presently the daughter came down the steps and advanced to where Mark was loitering.

"Mamma says that if you like you may—she would be pleased to have you come up and sit on the veranda."

"Thank you!" Mark was about to lift his hat in his usual deferential manner, but suddenly remembered that he was not supposed to be a gentleman. He followed the girl up to the veranda, and she placed a seat for him near where they were sitting.

"Your brother is a good deal younger than you," said the mother when Mark was seated.

"Oh, yes, mifum: he is ten years younger."

"You don't resemble each other at all. You are light, and he is dark."

"So we don't. Jakey's my stepbrother, you know."

"You didn't tell us that," remarked the lady.

"You're very thoughtful of him," said Miss Laura, "considering he is only your stepbrother."

"Waal, mifum, I'm very fond of him all the same."

"He seems to be a peculiar child."

"Yas, Jakey, he is peculiar, very peculiar, mifum."

"You haven't told us your name yet," said the mother.

"Jakey. I'm Farmer Slack's son."

"How many field hands does your father own?"

"Father, he don't own no niggers at all. We're just only poor whites."

"You're very frank about it," said Laura.

"Waal, there isn't no no mifum pretensions."

"And you go to Chattanooga tomorrow?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mifum; I'll have to do some trading that."

"And you will return this way?"

"I reckon I'll be along hyar in a few days."

The mother continued the pumping process for awhile, but whether she made no progress, or whether Mark succeeded in establishing himself in her confidence, she arose and walked with all the stateliness of a southern high born matron into the house. There she resumed the book she had been reading earlier in the evening.



"What bright star is that?"

Mark had kept up his assumed character very well during her presence. Now that he was left alone with the daughter he was put to a much severer test. The girl had something of the stateliness of her mother as that stateliness had appeared in her mother's youth. Mark had been so used from his childhood to meet a refined bearing with an equally refined that he found it difficult to avoid doing so now.

"Don't you love to look at the stars, Mr. Slack?" asked the young lady.

"Waal, yes, Miss."

"My name is Laura Fain."

"I always been fond of the science of—. He paused; he suddenly remembered that poor 'white trash' were not usually versed in any of the sciences.

"Astronomy?" she supplied.

"Waal, yes."

"How did you come to learn astronomy?"

"Oh, I don't know nothing 'bout it," he said quickly. "I hearn a man at Jasper talked out. He said a heap of quare things."

"What bright star is that?" pointing.

"Venus, I reckon."

"I wonder how far it is from us?" she said mifly.

"Venus? Why Venus is sixty-eight millions of miles, I reckon."

"I happen to know that's a correct an-

swer."

Mark suddenly became conscious of having forgotten himself. He recollects his critical position and resolved to proceed with greater care.

"How far is the moon?" asked Miss Fain.

"The moon's a hundred million miles, I reckon."

"Oh, no. You're fur out of the way there. It's only about two hundred and forty thousand miles."

"Waal, now!" exclaimed Mark in well feigned surprise.

She looked searchingly at him, but Mark looked as if he had simply received an interesting piece of information.

"Do you like poetry?" she asked changing the subject.

"Some."

"My favorite poet is Tennyson. Is he yours too?"

This was dangerous ground for Mark. He had no real fondness for poetry, and was more likely to betray himself on this than on any other subject.

"No," he said. "I love Shelley best."

"Why, Mr. Slack, how can you understand Shelley? I can't."

"Waal, he is kinder oblique-like."

"Do you remember any of my poems?"

"If you do, I would like to hear you repeat it."

"Waal, I might give you a few lines of the 'Ode to the Spirit of Nature.'

"Please do."

Mark would have done well to let the 'Ode to the Spirit of Nature' alone; but with a beautiful girl beside him, the half moon sinking in the west and all nature in repose, he momentarily forgot his amateur character entirely. He began, intending to give only a few lines and not to forget his dialect; but the spirit of nature was in him as well as in the poem, and by the time he had recited a few lines he was as oblivious to the character of Slack, the farmer's son, as if he had been the poet himself. Suddenly he awoke to the consciousness of having given the whole poem in his natural tone and with his ordinary accent.

"Mr. Slack," said his listener when he had finished, "did you learn that from a man in Jasper?"

"No—no—I—wah," he stammered, "I read it in a book."

He stole a glance at his companion, but failed to detect any unusual expression on her face. He took courage.

"What do you raise on your plantation?" she asked.

"Oh, we put in some potatoes and corn and straw this year."

"Straw?"

"No, not straw."

Mark was as little conversant with the farmer's art as he was familiar with the poets. "I mean hay."

The girl looked at him and smiled.

"The wheat was all gotten in early this summer. I mean told," she remarked easily.

"Yes, we got in our early. We just finished up before I kena away."

"Why, Mr. Slack?"

Mark knew that he had blundered again.

"Wheat is gathered in July," she informed the young farmer.

"I mean the corn," he said willy.

"The corn comes later. It is ripening now."

Mark felt it was all up with him so far as deceiving Miss Fain as to his being a farmer, but he struck out boldly to undo some of the mischief.

"Wah, you see, Miss Fain, to tell the whole truth, dad he don't reckon much on my farmin'. He says I oughter be a professor or somep'n' that sort."

"A gentleman, for instance."

Mark made no reply. For the first time he detected irony in his tone.

"Mr. Slack—if it is really your name, which I don't believe—you are certainly not very complimentary to my sense of perception."

"How so?"

"In trying to make me think you are not an educated gentleman."

Mark saw the futility of keeping up the sham with Miss Laura Fain any longer. He resolved to give her so much of his confidence as was necessary to keep her from betraying him, if indeed he could do so at all. His manner and his tone changed in a twinkling.

"I will be frank with you. I am not what I have pretended, but I am not here to injure you or yours."

"Who are you?" She spoke with a certain severity that she had not shown before.

"I cannot tell you. My secret is not my own."

"Are you a Union man?"

"Yes."

"A northerner?"

"Yes; but let that suffice. You would regret it if I should confide anything more to you. Yet from this brief interview I have learned to trust you sufficiently to place my life in your keeping."

She thought a moment. A faint shudder passed over her.

"I don't want to know your secret."

"Will you tell your mother what you have discovered?" asked Mark anxiously.

"Not for worlds."

"You suspect?"

He paused and looked at her inquiringly.

"Yes, yes. Don't say any more. Don't breathe another word. Only go away from here as soon as possible."

"I shall go tomorrow morning. I shall always hold you in grateful remembrance. You are a splendid—*a lovely woman*. I love you!"

"Yes, yes: go—go early."

She rose and went into the house. In a few minutes a colored boy came out and told Mark that he would show him to his room. As Mark had been there before, he knew this meant that he was expected to retire for the night.

As he went by the parlor he glanced in. The mother sat by a lamp on a "center table" reading. Miss Fain's face was also bent over a book. It was white as the margin of the page she was tending to read.

CHAPTER V.

OMNIBUS PLEAS.

When Mark went downstairs the next morning, followed by Jakey, they were both in the breakfast room. Laura Fain was there, but her mother was not. Mark looked at Laura, but she avoided his gaze. He asked after her mother.

"Mam'ma scarcely ever gets up to breakfast," he said as she poured out a substitute for coffee.

During the meal she said nothing on commonplace subjects. She seemed to have more on her mind than the soldier who was taking his life in his hands, and studiously avoided looking at him at all.

Jakey ate heartily. Mark needed him

eating with blakento and other time eating his humble origin, white no white buts eating like a gentleman. He thought that it was lucky Mrs. Fain was not at the table.

After breakfast Mark followed his hostess through a door opening into a sitting room on the opposite side of the table from the parlor.

"Miss Fain," he said, "I know too well the station of your family and southern customs not to accept as a gift the hospitality you have afforded. I can only express my indebtedness, and the hope that some day the war may be over and I can come down here and show my gratitude for something far more moment to me than a night's lodging."

He paused, and then added: "May I ask a question? Are you Union or a Confederate girl?"

"Confederate."

Mark looked at her uneasily.

"I inferred from what you said last night that you will not betray me."

"I will not."

"But you think you ought to."

"I do."

Mark stood gazing at her. She was looking out of the window with a troubled expression.

"Miss Fain," he said, "you may be doing wrong; you may be doing right. At any rate you are acting the part of a woman, and this act makes you in my eyes the loveliest woman that lives."

The words were scarcely spoken when the muscles of the girl's face contracted into an expression of horror. Mark could not understand why his speech had so affected her. The natural uncertainty of his position impelled him to look about him for a cause. Glancing out of the front window he saw an officer in a blue uniform on horseback in the act of reaching down to open the gate.

Strain, quick," she said, seizing his arm. "No, no! Mam'ma. She doesn't know. Oh, what shall we do?"

Mark took her by the hand and spoke to her easily, but quickly. "Call Jakey for me, and we will both go down stairs and from there to the barn. We can then go out without meeting this officer, for his doubles coming in. There is no especial danger. We shall meet plenty of soldiers before we return."

Before he had dismounted Mark and Jakey were on their way to the barn. Laura Fain opened the front door just as the officer was coming up the steps.

"Why, Cameron!" she exclaimed, "how did you get away? I thought you told me you were to be officer of the guard today."

"I personal my friend the adjutant to detail another man."

"Was there a special reason?"

"Certainly. I positively couldn't stand it another day not to see you. Besides we are momentarily expecting orders to cross to this side of the river."

"But you will be nearer to us then, won't you?"

"I am afraid not. Once on this side we'll not stop nearer than Dallas or Poo. We may join Colonel Forrest near Spartan or wherever he may be, doubtless somewhere in the enemy's rear. He seldom troubles the Yankees in front. But you are not listening, my darling, and you are pale. You are not ill?"

"Certainly not."

"You are sorry that I came?"

"Why, Cameron, what do you mean? You know I always want you to come."

She led the way into the sitting room, from which Mark had disappeared but a minute before—a minute is a long while sometimes. Mrs. Fain entered and received the guest most graciously.

Captain Cameron Fitz-Hugh was a young Virginian, a graduate of the University of Virginia law school, the son of wealthy parents, whose acres and negroes were numbered by thousands. He had known the Fains before the war, Mrs. Fain having been born and reared in the Old Dominion. During a visit of Laura to his people, shortly before the breaking out of hostilities, he had fallen in love with her, had proposed and was accepted. Both families being agreeable, the two were engaged to be married.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, captain,"



## The Mercury.

C. P. HARRISON, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

Chicago and Boston have been connected by telephone and the line was formally opened on Tuesday. The line, which is 1200 miles long, is the longest telephone line in the world.

The Republicans may be less noisy than their Democratic brethren, but they certainly accomplish more when working for the public good, as is shown by their handling of the water rates question.

The election last Tuesday evening of Capt. John K. Lake to be chief engineer of the fire department makes a vacancy on the board of firewards for which position there are numerous applicants.

The college endowments in Massachusetts are said to amount to \$10,650,000, the value of college buildings and grounds foots up \$4,018,000 and the value of scientific apparatus makes another \$1,020,000.

The Belgian officials in the Congo country are arranging to import Chinese coolies to do the work of common laborers. The English, who have tried the experiment of mixing Chinamen and Negroes, wish the Belgians success, but they predict that the effort will be a failure.

Dr. Thatcher T. Graves has refused to accept his liberty on bail and has, through his counsel, expressed a desire for a new trial at once. Judge Graham has ordered the prosecution to report within two days when it would be ready to go on with the trial, and until that time the Doctor will be in the custody of the criminal court.

It certainly looks very much as if all last year's hue and cry for cheaper water rates in Newport was Democratic bluster. At last Tuesday evening's meeting of the present City Council—still less than two months old—a resolution looking to a reduction to single faucet users of more than 25 per cent, was opposed by every Democratic member. It was adopted, however, thanks to a Republican majority, and its requirements will undoubtedly be approved by the Water Works Company.

The extent of the depression in the British shipping trade just now may be gathered from the fact that altogether 470 vessels, representing a tonnage of 850,000, are laid up at English and Scotch ports. At Liverpool 160 steamers, representing about 100,000 tons, are lying idle, and over 150 vessels are laid up on the Tyne. In addition there are 90 British steamers lying idle in Continental ports. The idleness of these vessels represent a loss in wages of some £50,000 a month, and the loss falls upon 8,000 unemployed sailors, engineers, officers, and others.

Reports from the West show that winter is not yet over, at least in that section of the country. In Montana the thermometer is from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, with snow three feet on a level in the valleys. In Seattle, Washington, a stage driver and passenger were badly frozen and the stage route has been abandoned on account of the intense cold. In Illinois the mercury lingers around the zero mark, everything is covered with ice and there is danger of the fruit and wheat suffering permanent injury from freezing; and in Indiana railway traffic has been suspended and the thermometer is 20 degrees below zero.

President Harrison is not pleased at the delay of the Senate in confirming the nomination of Judge Jackson. Neither is the country at large.—(Daily News.)

From the best information we have thus far obtained, we should say that the country at large was not going very wild over this delay. That any President, Republican or Democrat, should at this late day appoint a state's rights pro-slavery Democrat of the most pronounced type to the office of Judge of the United States Supreme Court, is one of the mysteries of this very peculiar administration. There is no objection to a Republican President appointing a Democrat to that honorable position, though it might seem that a Republican could be found capable of filling the bill. But when a Republican President goes out of his way to take a man whose interpretation of the constitution is that of ante-bellum days, such action is subject to criticism to say the least.

The committee of the General Assembly appointed to count the votes cast last November for Congressmen in this state made their report on Tuesday. The result of the count is that 13,601 votes were cast for Melville Bill, 12,961 for Oscar Japham, 732 for Isaac S. Turner, 217 for B. G. Chase, and that there were 2184 entirely blank ballots and 441 defective ones in this district. In the second district Adin B. Capron had 11,457, Page had 10,493, Lewis 1011, Burlingame 161. There were 2632 blank ballots and 373 defective ones in the second district, making a total in the state of 4510 ballots entirely blank and 814 so defective as not to be counted.

This is certainly a bad showing for the intelligence of the Rhode Island voters and shows what we have before claimed, that either schools of instruction for voters should be established throughout the state or the law should be amended so as to be more easily comprehended. The General Assembly ordered a new election for the first Wednesday in April.

## The Railroad Consolidation.

The rumors of a "railroad deal" between the Old Colony Company and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Company, which has been in the air for some time past, are practically confirmed and the stockholders of the two concerns will probably be called upon within a few days to ratify or reject the plan as arranged by the officers. The details of the consolidation are, of course, as yet known only to those engaged in making them, but from what has been given out we understand the plan to be a transfer of the entire holdings of the Old Colony—both railroad and steamboat—to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Company on a basis of ten shares of the former's stock for nine shares of the latter's.

During the past several years the New Haven Company has paid 10 per cent. dividends while the Old Colony has paid only seven, and it figures from this standpoint the transaction appears to the advantage of the Old Colony shareholders.

It is understood that if the consolidation is consummated the identity of the Old Colony system will be in no wise destroyed by it and that Mr. Kendrick will be a vice president of the new concern and general manager of the Old Colony portion, as at present.

M. L. Woodbridge, who won the Boston Globe's \$5 a week for life for his close guess at the popular vote for President, has made a great record as a guesser, having also won a trip to Chicago, while he is a disputed winner of a trip to Europe. He guesses by wholesale when competing for a prize, using judgment and money freely. In the Globe's contest he bought 10,000 copies of the paper, and made that number of different guesses.

At a meeting in New York last week of the Trunk Line Association it was agreed to sell round trip tickets to and from Chicago during the World's Fair at 20 per cent. reduction from the present rates, with one stop-over in each direction. It was also agreed to sell unlimited tickets at the fares now charged for limited tickets. This arrangement will take effect April 15th, and continue until Oct. 30th.

It would be impossible to find a parallel to the progress of the United States in the last ten years. Every day that the sun rises on the American people it sees an addition of \$2,000,000, the daily accumulation of the republic, which is equal to one-tenth of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.

The county insane asylum, situated about four miles from Dover, N. H., was destroyed by fire Thursday night and 44 out of the 45 inmates lost their lives. An adjoining building, in which were domiciled over 100 of the county poor, also caught fire but was saved by the exertions of the inmates.

When Harrison W. Crosby first introduced canned tomatoes he sold them at 60 cents a can. This was in 1848. For a few years past the average price has been 7 cents for a much superior article than that for which Mr. Crosby received half a dollar.

The State of Pennsylvania stands first in the number of public schools, having 14,850, but New York, with 11,933 public schools, has nearly 100,000 more pupils in attendance than has Pennsylvania.

## Building Associations.

The magnitude of the Building and Loan Association business, as done by these societies in the United States to day, is something almost beyond the comprehension of the average mind, and when one states that the amount of capital invested is about \$1,000,000,000, or more than the surplus of all the national banks in the country, one can hardly grasp the figures and intelligently array them before his mental vision.

This system of cooperation in saving and building was first introduced into this country about sixty years ago, and took a strong hold at first upon the City of Philadelphia; and as a monument to its success as a business, one need only to be told that nearly one hundred thousand homes have been built in that city alone through this system, while to-day there are successful associations in nearly every large city, and most of the cities and towns of this great land, numbering in the aggregate over four thousand associations. Originally only local associations existed, that is those associations that confine their membership and loans to the incorporate limits of a single city or town; but a number of years ago the idea of a national association was suggested, doing business in any desirable city or town, through a local board of directors, in the same general manner as the locals, and having the same safeguards but differing in the manner of loaning their capital, the national loaning their monies at a fixed rate as against the locals auctioning their monies.

Young men and young women who long for the time when they can call a thousand dollars their own will find in this co-operative method the fruition of their desires. And how little it takes from the sum of one's earnings. The price of a cigar a day, or a few cents less on a lunch bill, rolled together by co-operative progress, is a plump little fortune in a few years to the man or woman who will adhere from the beginning to the end to the principle of prompt payment and sticking to it. Cooperation, like everything else, requires perseverance, and this quality will win every time.

Mrs. James W. Gorton, Central Village, Conn., who passed the one hundredth mile stone in the journey of life Jan. 21st, is a native of Cranston, and was the seventh of ten children of Anthony and Alice Scarles Holden. She alone remains of that once large family. Jan. 20th, 1811, she became the wife of James W. Gorton, and began life in Warwick. They were the parents of five children, one having died in infancy. The others are still living, the oldest aged 81 years. This centenarian now resides with her son and daughter in Central Village, Conn. Mrs. Gorton has lived under the administration of all the Presidents of the United States. Her knowledge of persons and events remarkable, although her hearing and eyesight are impaired.

Asa P. Potter, president of the Sunta Maverick Bank, has been convicted on fifteen counts and now the case will go to the Supreme Court.

## THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

## Great Fortunes' Rising Like Monuments.

## How Millionaires Succeed in Piling up Enormous Wealth.

## Not Difficult for Anyone to Follow Their Example.

It is popularly supposed that a few men like Gould, Vanderbilt and Astor represent the rich men of the country. This is a great mistake. There are thousands upon thousands of millionaires, men so rich that they cannot possibly spend the interest upon their vast accumulations. Every city, every town, every community has them; it is they who represent the wealth of our country, on account of their numbers.

Now if so many men succeed, what is the true secret of that success?

Two words answer—energy and health.

Any man of inimitable energy and perseverance who is well can succeed.

Ah, there is the rub—who is well?

Men have the energy and ability to succeed, but they do not possess the requisite health—that strength of the nerves, vigor of the mind and endurance and tenacity which alone make men succeed.

They feel languid, even weak at times, and lack soap and ambition; they know they have the necessary ability, but their energies need rousing. In some cases the stomach, liver and bowels are at fault, or possibly the kidneys are out of order. Nine times out of ten, however, it is lack of nerve strength, nerve vigor, and nerve power.

Numberless men who have ample vigor and that break down in health from the excessive strain upon their nervous and physical systems, as did the well-known S. W. Nourse, Esq., of Hudson, Mass. He strikes the key note of the difficulty, and his advice, if followed, will put men on the sure road to wealth.

It would be impossible to find a parallel to the progress of the United States in the last ten years. Every day that the sun rises on the American people it sees an addition of \$2,000,000, the daily accumulation of the republic, which is equal to one-tenth of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.

W. S. NOURSE, Esq.

"From constant worry over business matters," he said, "I suffered from the loss of sleep, and became so nervous that I was entirely unfit for my business. In fact, I feared insanity. I used Dr. Greene's Nervine blood and nerve remedy. The effect was almost magical. I could again sleep, mental composure, appetite and strength returned. Six bottles of this remedy cured me, and I have remained well to this date. I have recommended Dr. Greene's Nervine blood and nerve remedy to many of my friends and neighbors, and have yet to learn of failure to obtain good results."

Nothing more need be said. Get your health and you will stand every chance of succeeding in life. If you are not well, if you do not feel just right, if you lack the vim, energy and strength to hold your of work, by all means use the wonderful remedy which restored Mr. Nourse to health and nerve remedy.

You can procure it at any druggist for \$1, and we would say also that it is a purely vegetable and harmless remedy, used and fully endorsed by physicians—in fact it is the discovery of the eminent physician, Dr. Greene, of 24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who has made himself famous throughout the United States by his marvellous cures of nervous and chronic diseases and by giving advice free to those who consult him or write to him.

Rhode Island Agricultural Meeting.

In our advertising column will be found the notices of a public meeting to be held by the Rhode Island State Board of Agriculture on the 23d instant in Providence. There will be two sessions—morning and afternoon—and His Excellency, George W. Brown, will preside. A lecture upon "The Relation of the Farm to Public Health" will be delivered at the morning session by Prof. W. H. Brewster of Yale College, and in the afternoon Prof. James Law of Cornell University, with lecture on "Tuberculosis in Cattle." Each lecture will be followed by a discussion of it, and as each lecturer is a recognized authority on the subject of his discourse, much interesting and valuable information, not only to farmers but to citizens generally, may be obtained. There is to be no admission for, and both ladies and gentlemen are invited to attend.

Young men and young women who long for the time when they can call a thousand dollars their own will find in this co-operative method the fruition of their desires. And how little it takes from the sum of one's earnings. The price of a cigar a day, or a few cents less on a lunch bill, rolled together by co-operative progress, is a plump little fortune in a few years to the man or woman who will adhere from the beginning to the end to the principle of prompt payment and sticking to it. Cooperation, like everything else, requires perseverance, and this quality will win every time.

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## WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The Hawaiian Annexation Question—Working for Silver Legislation—Proposed for World's Fair Exhibit—The Nomination of Judge Lamar's Successor—Mackie Talks—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1893.

The President has heard the official proposition made by the commissioners from the new provisional government of Hawaii for the annexation of that country to the United States, and is now, with his usual thoroughness and care, studying the question, in all its bearings, in order to make up his mind whether he will take any steps towards annexation, make any recommendations to Congress, or leave the whole matter to the incoming administration and Congress. Before the commissioners arrived it was thought probable, indeed it was informally agreed, that a treaty by which the United States took the republican government of Hawaii under its protection would be about the proper thing for the present, leaving annexation to follow, as it unquestionably would have done in a few years. But when the ultimatum of the commissioners—annexation or nothing—was received the situation was changed. The President and all of his Cabinet are favorable to annexation, but as it would have to be preceded by Congressional legislation, and the life of the present administration and Congress is so nearly spent, it may be deemed advisable by the administration not to begin what would probably have to be ended by the new Congress and administration. A decision will probably be reached in a few days.

The Hawaiian flag—red, white and blue striped, with a red cross in the center.

For sale—A house, well suited for market gardener, with double houses for two families, about 3 miles from Newport. Rent, \$25. Price, \$3,500.

For rent—Fales farm, McTerry's Point, Portsmouth; or would sell—area 94 acres, farm house, sea beach, &c.

Office 124 Bellevue Avenue,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Glad to reply to inquiries.

## Nervousness.

## HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

"An agreeable and beneficial tonic and food for the nerves and brain. A remedy of the highest value in Mental and Nervous Exhaustion."

Small bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in postage. Kunckel Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Judy Florence Dixie tells of one woman she is acquainted with who is captain of a ship, her sex being unknown even to her employers. She also speaks of two other disguised women who act as pilots, and do their work thoroughly and well.

OUR POPULAR CORRESPONDENT.

W. H. FAY, of Providence, R. I.

REMNANTS.

OUR ANNUAL SALE OF REMNANTS HAS COMMENCED.

WALL PAPERS,

5 cents a roll. Best Gilt, 10 cents a roll.

CARPETS.

We have a few

MISFIT CARPETS,

which we will close out at your own prices.

ALSO A LINE OF

Brussels, Tapestry and Ingrain

REMNANTS

To be sold at a great reduction.

A. C. TITUS & CO.

225 to 229 Thames Street.

STOCKBRIDGE

SPECIAL MANURES

at Reduced Prices.

The Usual Quality Maintained.

I shall have it on hand and will be pleased to fill your orders.

I shall again have some stored at

MR. RESTCOM P. MANCHESTER'S, South Portsmouth

for the convenience of the factors in that vicinity.

W. H. FAY, of Providence, R. I.

WE ARE SELLING:

4 lbs. of nice new Raisins for

25 ct

4 lbs. of nice new Currants for

25 ct

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## Poetry.

## Counter-thoughts.

BY MARY MARIA DODGE.

What is the little one thinking about?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt!  
What are the old folks thinking about?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt.  
A thought like that filled the baby's head  
(A wonderful baby, and very well-read).  
He played at games, and grandmama,  
And married the pair of old folks;  
As made by those that were rocking,  
He with his wife, and she with her stocking.  
And the baby wondered, as well he might,  
Why old folks were so happy and bright—  
And had to be born.  
With a little little start,  
That showed how gladly he'd set his part;  
"I'll find some baby, as soon as I can,  
To play with me, and then I'll be old man;  
And, side by side, we'll sit there, rocking—  
I with my wife, and she with her stocking."  
—In February Century.

## A Mother's Song.

BY VIRGINIA SWANSON.

Music, my baby, sweetly rest,  
Mother's boy feels no strain;  
Followed soft foot, and lay him down,  
In the quiet of earthly home.  
What then? life be dark and sad—  
Mother's love can make it glad.  
Little child, close to my heart,  
See, I press you close to me,  
For your dear weight keeps it smart—  
Even I have known life's ill,  
What draws you to tears and sighs  
While you gaze in mother's eyes?  
Baby, note, my bonny lad,  
Do you guess your power, dear?  
Earth can't hold you, and the sea,  
The world's heart while you are near.  
How can life be aught but sweet?  
When children make it complete?

## Selected Tale.

## COBBLER'S GOLD.

BY E. A. P. B.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived in the shadow of a great mountain a fat little cobbler and his fat little wife.

All day long the fat little cobbler and his fat little wife were as happy as the bees, that hummed in the sweet white buckwheat blossoms which made fragrant the fields around about their home. All day long the cobbler sat on the bench outside his cottage door, knocking the pegs into stout shoes for the farmers' wives and daughters to wear to church on Sundays; and all day long while the sturdy little man tap-tap-tapped away he could hear from within the song of his wife and the buzz, buzz, buzz of her busy wheel, as the whirr, whirr, whirr of her reel, as it wound up the shining flax she had spun.

In the fields about the cottage the birds sang, the sun shone warmly, the dairies lifted their happy faces and swung about on their slender stalks for mere joyfulness, while the clear brook which came all the long way down the mountain to sing at the cobbler's door, laughed and gurgled and bubbled and chattered amid its very singing, until it seemed to be full of gay little voices, all calling out greeting to the busy worker, as they passed the bench where he sat in the sun, tap-tap-tapping away from morning till night.

Surely never was a happier home than that of the little fat cobbler and his little fat wife, who there was happiness and to spare. Very often, as the cobbler sat working, and his wife came for a moment to the door to be with him or to speak to him, they would look up to the mountain side, where the trees were turning to glowing gold under the autumn sunshine, and then the one would smile and the other would smile, and then this is what they would say:

"Ah, Casper," Caspar would say, "that was only real gold up there on the mountain, shining away so bravely, what time we should have! You should go no more afoot, but you should ride in your carriage, and you should have twenty maidens to serve you as has the wife of rich Farmer Flann."

Then Katchen would look at him fondly, and her eyes would follow the glance of his up to the golden mountain.

"Ah, Casper," she would answer, "it is not for myself that I would have gold, but that you might ride on a big white horse, like Farmer Flann and have many men to work under you and that you need no more afoot here day by day, cobbling for the farmers all about."

Then they would look the one at the other again with a smile that said that after all they were contented enough as they were, Katchen would go back to her wheel, and Caspar to his cobbling, and the gold of the mountain would be left to glow and glimmer as alluringly as it might without being beamed by either the fat little cobbler or his fat little wife.

But one night Caspar dreamed a wonderful dream. He dreamed that in the gathering twilight he had climbed up the golden mountain and that along the paths where there was no light but that of the stars he had climbed higher and higher until he came to the grove of birch trees which shone out most yellow from where he daily sat at his bench. There among the twisted and gnarled trunks of the beech trees he had found a queer little brown man with a fantastic scarlet cap on his head, and the queer little man seemed to be gathering real gold up from the ground where the yellow leaves of the beech trees had fallen and to be putting it into great chests.

All the next day Caspar was inclined to be silent, and he worked at his tap-tap-tapping with hardly a fit of a word for Katchen, who wondered what her husband could be thinking of so intently. Being a good wife, she did not ask him fearing that if she did she

might disturb some great train of thought; but she took especial pains with his supper and it may be that this was the reason why on this second night Casper dreamt his dream for the second time just as he had dreamt it before. As always he climbed the mountain to the beech trees and again he saw the little gnome gathering gold into his chest, his scarlet cap filling about among the tree trunks as he busily worked.

On the next day Caspar was yet more silent and thoughtful, and Katchen had filled with curiosity, but still the forebore to ask the cause of his silence. She cooked him a better supper than even that which he had eaten the night before, and on the third night he dreamt for the third time the same dream.

The next morning it was no evident that Caspar was troubled about something that Katchen could be quiet no longer, and she began to question him. "Casper," she said, "what has come to thee?"

"It is nothing," he said, "except a dream." He added, "But why should a dream make your face as long as my arm? Was it a bad dream?"

"That I cannot tell," he answered. Then her woman's curiosity was raised to that point when it was impossible for her to let the matter rest, and she did not cease asking him questions until she had heard all that there was to tell.

"Ah," she sighed, as he ended, "If it only were true!"

"But why should it not be true?" Casper demanded. "Don't you know that dreams that you have three times are true?"

"At least," she returned slowly, "if you would go up the mountain it would do no harm, and if it were true—"

Casper left his bench and went into the little cottage.

"At least," he said, "I will not lose a fortune through being too lazy to go for it, and now let us find a bag in which to bring home the gold if I find it."

"It would not be wise to take a very large one," Katchen said. "It would look greedy, and it might offend the gnome so that you get none at all."

"And then it would be so heavy to carry," Casper said.

"Yes; and after all a little gold would do for us. We do not want so very much."

When nightfall came, off started Casper, with his bag under his arm, and he climbed and climbed through the dusky woodland paths until he reached at last the grove of beeches which he had seen in his dreams. And there in very truth was the queer little man with the fantastic scarlet cap on his head, gathering up the yellow leaves and piling them into a chest, where they turned to gold the moment they were in.

"What art thou doing, Thumbkin?" Casper asked boldly, although in truth he was as near being afraid as a man ever came in his life.

"I am gathering gold for the troll king in the mountain," the gnome answered.

"Is it his who knows how it is to be gathered," the gnome answered.

"And will thou tell me how that is?"

"Wouldst thou gather it?" the gnome asked, pushing his scarlet cap back and looking at Casper keenly.

"Yes."

"But that thou canst not do alone," the other said. "However, thou seemest like a clever fellow, and I will make a bargain with thee."

"What is it?" Casper asked, remembering that often the bargains which the little people exacted were of a sort to make a good man afraid of them.

"Nothing that needest to be afraid of," the one in the scarlet cap returned, as if he had read Casper's thought; "it is only that thou will help me fill my chest then I will help thee to fill thy sack."

"With all my heart," said Casper.

"Only one thing I tell thee once for all, and that thou must remember, the mankin said solemnly, "There must be no harsh or rough word spoken over the gold or else art thou undone."

"I will remember," Casper told him.

Casper worked with a will helping the gnome to fill his chest with yellow leaves which turned to broad gold pieces the instant they were put into the chest; and then the troll helped him to stuff his sack full.

"Is there no magic in the chest that turns the leaves to gold?" Casper asked doubtfully, as they were working.

"Look," the other answered, smiling and holding open the mouth of the sack.

"Is there no magic in the chest that turns the leaves to gold?" Casper asked again.

"What have you done?" demanded Katchen, her eyes beginning to sparkle with anger.

"I scolded the troll there on the mountain because—"

But his wife did not wait for him to finish.

"You fool!" she cried. "You have ruined us! Could you not see that idiotic tongue of yours for a single fight? You are a smart man, to be forever telling me to hold my tongue, and now you have brought us to poverty by not keeping your own tongue quiet! Oh, the smart man!"

Katchen in these days had become so used to a cold, but now what with weariness and disappointment, he was too angry to think of that, and he answered her in kind, so that it was not long before they were in the midst of a pretty pretty quarrel indeed.

When that is gone come again," the gnome replied kindly, "only see that thou dost not misuse the gold."

"Never fear for that," Casper called back as he went down the mountain.

The load was not a light one, but he didn't mind that. He hurried down, the stony paths and across the meadows to the little cottage, all the time hearing the chattering of the brook which came down the mountain to greet him. There was a light in the window of his cottage, although it was so late, and there was Katchen waiting for him. And old how her eyes did open at the sight of all that gold! And how she laughed and danced about and kissed her husband, and they were so gay and glad that they did not sleep a single wick all that night.

But then that was no matter when folk are so rich that they can afford to sleep all night if they wish to. Then indeed there began great times in the cobbler's cottage. The shoes were left unfinished, the hammer and axe rusted on the bench, the spiders wove their webs across the reel and spinning-wheel, while Casper and Katchen feasted to their heart's content, and lived in illness and torment until all the fat gold was spent.

"There is no more gold," Casper said to his wife.

"That is no matter," she answered. "There is always more where that came from, and the troll told you to come again."

"Yes," he returned. "I will go again this very night."

"And this time," he said, "it is best to take a bigger sack. Where there is no much gold as there is on the mountain it is foolish to be always going and coming with a little." So when nightfall came Casper set out again to climb the mountain, and this time he carried a big, big bag. He went to the beech wood, and there enough was the busy little mankin with the scarlet cap, piling the leaves into a big, big chest, much wider and longer and deeper than the one which Casper had helped to fill before.

"Ah, cobbler," the gnome said. "Then art come again. Well, there is gold enough there; let us set to it merrily."

"So at we go," said Casper.

And at it they went; but no big was the chest of the troll, and so big was it to carry when it was full, that it was already broad daylight when the weary gold seeker got home again.

However, this did not matter, for this time there was gold in abundance.

Only it did not bring happiness to the cobbler's cottage. When they were poor Casper and Katchen had thought only of each other, but now they thought only of themselves. They left the little cottage and they had a great house, with no end of servants and with horses and carriages and fine clothes and jewels and—everything that the heart could wish—except contentment. Now, it seemed that Katchen cared only to dress herself in gorgeous clothing and splendid gems all day and to ride abroad that the neighbors might see and envy her; while as for honest and merry Casper, he had come to care for nothing but for eating and drinking and roistering with wild companions, who gathered about him and helped him to spend his gold so rapidly that it took no very long time for the second supply to be exhausted.

So the next day Casper was yet more silent and thoughtful, and Katchen had filled with curiosity, but still the forebore to ask the cause of his silence. She cooked him a better supper than even that which he had eaten the night before, and on the third night he dreamt for the third time the same dream.

The next morning it was no evident that Casper was troubled about something that Katchen could be quiet no longer, and she began to question him. "Casper," she said, "what has come to thee?"

"It is nothing," he said, "except a dream." He added, "But why should a dream make your face as long as my arm? Was it a bad dream?"

"That I cannot tell," he answered. Then her woman's curiosity was raised to that point when it was impossible for her to let the matter rest, and she did not cease asking him questions until she had heard all that there was to tell.

"Ah," she sighed, as he ended, "If it only were true!"

"But why should it not be true?" Casper demanded. "Don't you know that dreams that you have three times are true?"

"At least," she returned slowly, "if you would go up the mountain it would do no harm, and if it were true—"

Casper left his bench and went into the little cottage.

"At least," he said, "I will not lose a fortune through being too lazy to go for it, and now let us find a bag in which to bring home the gold if I find it."

"It would not be wise to take a very large one," Katchen said. "It would look greedy, and it might offend the gnome so that you get none at all."

"And then it would be so heavy to carry," Casper said.

"Yes; and after all a little gold would do for us. We do not want so very much."

When nightfall came, off started Casper, with his bag under his arm, and he climbed and climbed through the dusky woodland paths until he reached at last the grove of beeches which he had seen in his dreams. And there in very truth was the queer little man with the fantastic scarlet cap on his head, gathering up the yellow leaves and piling them into a chest, where they turned to gold the moment they were in.

"What art thou doing, Thumbkin?" Casper asked boldly, although in truth he was as near being afraid as a man ever came in his life.

"I am gathering gold for the troll king in the mountain," the gnome answered.

"Is it his who knows how it is to be gathered," the gnome answered.

"And will thou tell me how that is?"

"Wouldst thou gather it?" the gnome asked, pushing his scarlet cap back and looking at Casper keenly.

"Yes."

"But that thou canst not do alone," the other said. "However, thou seemest like a clever fellow, and I will make a bargain with thee."

"What is it?" Casper asked, remembering that often the bargains which the little people exacted were of a sort to make a good man afraid of them.

"Nothing that needest to be afraid of," the one in the scarlet cap returned, as if he had read Casper's thought; "it is only that thou will help me fill my chest then I will help thee to fill thy sack."

"With all my heart," said Casper.

"Only one thing I tell thee once for all, and that thou must remember, the mankin said solemnly, "There must be no harsh or rough word spoken over the gold or else art thou undone."

"I will remember," Casper told him.

Casper worked with a will helping the gnome to fill his chest with yellow leaves which turned to broad gold pieces the instant they were put into the chest; and then the troll helped him to stuff his sack full.

"I scolded the troll there on the mountain because—"

But his wife did not wait for him to finish.

"You fool!" she cried. "You have ruined us! Could you not see that idiotic tongue of yours for a single fight? You are a smart man, to be forever telling me to hold my tongue, and now you have brought us to poverty by not keeping your own tongue quiet! Oh, the smart man!"

Katchen in these days had become so used to a cold, but now what with weariness and disappointment, he was too angry to think of that, and he answered her in kind, so that it was not long before they were in the midst of a pretty pretty quarrel indeed.

When that is gone come again," the gnome replied kindly, "only see that thou dost not misuse the gold."

"Never fear for that," Casper called back as he went down the mountain.

The load was not a light one, but he didn't mind that. He hurried down, the stony paths and across the meadows to the little cottage, all the time hearing the chattering of the brook which came down the mountain to greet him. There was a light in the window of his cottage, although it was so late, and there was Katchen waiting for him. And old how her eyes did open at the sight of all that gold! And how she laughed and danced about and kissed her husband, and they were so gay and glad that they did not sleep a single wick all that night.

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## Furniture.

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## PAPER HANGINGS

Furniture of all Descriptions,

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## M. COTTRELL,

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Great bargains in

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Furniture Rooms,

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## J. W. HORTON &amp; CO.'S,

You can get anything you want in

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Call and examine our stock,

42 CHURCH ST.

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## New Carpets

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We are daily receiving new carpets

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Prices as low as

Anywhere.

## W. C. Cozzers &amp; Co.,

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HENRY D. SPOONER

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100 Acres, \$3,000.

A SOUTHERN

## Rhode Island Farm

of 100 acres.

Large, two-story house, arranged for two

families if desired. Barn, wood house, two

cups and other buildings, all in good

condition. Also a fine farm, with

silos, from churches, schools, post offices,

blacksmith, wagon shop and mill. Four

miles from railroad station; macadamized

roads in all directions.

UNOBSTRUCTED VIEWS,

ALL FOR \$3,000.

DANIEL WATSON, Sole Agent,

Offices, 200 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

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February Sale.

My entire stock of

## FRAMED PICTURES,

WALL POCKETS, DASHLS,

PICTURE FRAMES, &amp;c., &amp;c.,

at 25 to 50 per cent. discount,

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W. H. ARNOLD,

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## Caution! Woman's Dep't.

Don't be deceived by ignorant, unscrupulous, fakirs and confidence men, assuming to offer "Indian Remedies," and who pretend that their nostrums are made by the Indians.

## KICKAPOO

## Indian Sagwa

and other Kickapoos Indian Remedies are THE ONLY GENUINE INDIAN REMEDIES MADE AND SOLD IN AMERICA.

The word "Kickapoos" is a copy-righted word and they dare not steal that.

Be sure you get "Kickapoos Remedies," and never buy any bottle or package that has a facsimile signature that:

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Distributing Agents, 521 Grand Ave., New Haven, Ct. These genuine Indian Remedies are not peddled but are sold at all drug stores.

FREE! Send three 2c. stamps to pay postage, and we will mail you free a thrilling and interesting book of 172 pages entitled "LIFE AND SCENES AMONG THE INDIANS." Tell all about the Indians.

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## FACTS!

11th. Koal-spar will make a poor quality of coal do the service of the first quality.

12th. Koal-spar saves 25% of your Coal Bill.

One package of Koal-spar costing 25 cents, saves one quarter ton of coal, hard coal.

Describing Circular Free in Catalogue.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and address on a postal card, and we will see that it is placed within your reach.

THE KOAL-SPAR CO.,

51 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

JAMES A. RANDALL,

General Agent, 125 Spring St. Newport, R. I.

Clothing.

J. B. Barnaby &amp; Co.

Have purchased of

MR. WM. H. ASHLEY

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## CLOTHING BUSINESS,

AT

20 South Main Street, Fall River,

And will close out the stock at 50 cents on a dollar.

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## Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be had in foreign and domestic factories at 10 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do to offer to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

The Atheneum, in a late article on university education for women, states that "at 19, 1892, the University of Edinburgh opened not only its courts but its arts class room to women students, on the same terms as men." Now that "a fair field and no favor" to men and women alike is the watchword, the Scottish University Commission has given greater latitude to the subjects of study for a degree. This will be of advantage in the future.

It should be done. The men who indulge in the habit—let us say, thoughtlessly—would not do it at home. Why should they do it in public? This little mustard of reform should bloom and blossom and overspread the whole country. Dickens satirized us years ago because of this infirmity, or whatever it may be called. It is time to stop it; and if it cannot be stopped in any other way, special cars should be provided for the expectors.

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# BRIGGS & CO., COMMERCIAL WHARF,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A

## CAR LOAD OF BUFFALO

### GLUTEN FEED,

For Sale in Lots of One Ton or More,  
In Depot at Car Load Prices.

## No Coal Famine in Newport.

### Gardiner B. Reynolds & Co.

have just received the

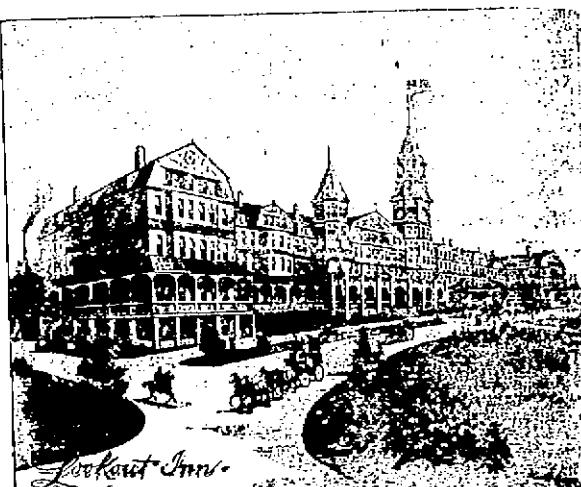
## First Consignment of Coal,

BY BARGE

### Queen's County,

and another cleared today, 800 tons.

Until compelled by advance in coal and freights there will be no advance in prices.



THE most delightful winter resort in America. Pure water, equable temperature, and magnificent scenery. Climate particularly beneficial to those having throat, lung, or nervous trouble.

THE new and elegant INN is unsurpassed by any other resort hotel in the country, and is under the personal supervision of D. B. Plumer, for eight years of the management of the Laurel House, Lakewood, N.J.

ADDRESS FOR FULL INFORMATION,

DAVID B. PLUMER, Manager,

LOOKOUT INN, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENNESSEE.

## January Mark-Down Sale.

Great Reductions in Prices of

## Overcoats and Ulsters!

We propose to clear our counters before March 1st, if low prices will do it.

Men's \$7.00 Ulsters for	\$5.00
Men's \$9.00 Ulsters for	\$6.50
Men's \$10.00 Ulsters for	\$8.00
Men's \$12.00 Ulsters for	\$8.50
Men's \$6.00 OVERCOATS for	\$4.00
Men's \$10.00 "	\$6.50
Men's \$20.00 "	\$15.00
Boys' \$1.50 "	\$1.00
Boys' \$5.00 Ulsters	\$3.50
Boys' \$1.00 Knee Pants	50c

### Newport One Price Clothing Co.,

208 Thames St. 208

## WE MUST HAVE MONEY

Warm Weather the Cause of All the Trouble!

Horse Blankets, Robes, Geats' Underclothing, Socks,  
Gloves and Mittens at Cost, for Two Weeks.

CARPENTER'S, '201 Thames Street.

### PORTSMOUTH.

The committee of arrangements for the concert and social given in Oakdale Hall on Wednesday evening for the benefit of Oakdale Lodge, feel that their labors in providing a good entertainment were highly appreciated by the large attendance and the favorable comments on that occasion. They also wish to thank their many friends for their kindness in sending cake for refreshments on that evening. The concert given by the Mandolin and Guitar Quintette, of Newport, was highly appreciated and the recitation and impersonations by Mr. Fred W. Green brought down the house. The Baker Bros. orchestra, of Providence, which furnished the music for the dancing, was pronounced by many as the best they had ever heard in the hall.

The West Club, of Newport, gave a social in Eureka Hall last evening.

The returns from the several poultry shows thus far held this season show the O. K. Poultry Yards in this town to be indeed "O. K." and Messrs. Brown and Hughes, the proprietors, are being accorded that recognition which a complete knowledge of the business, backed by perseverance and industry, deserves. Mr. H. A. Brown, the senior member of the firm, has been unanimously elected one of the Board of Judges of the United States, and Mr. Wm. M. Hughes, the junior member, was recently elected a vice president of the New England Poultry Association.

At the recent show in Worcester, Mass., with 2,000 birds, many of whom were imported, in competition, the O. K. Yards were awarded three first, three second, three third and one fourth prizes for Black Langshans; two first, one second, one third and one fourth prizes for Black Cochinchin Bantams; one first prize for best collection of Yucatanas; two second, two third, and two fourth prizes for Golden Sunshine Bantams. At the Pawtucket, R. I., show, the O. K. Yards took six firsts, one second, one third, and one fourth prize for Black Cochinchin Bantams; and at the Westfield, Mass., show, first, second, third and fourth prizes and a \$10 sweepstakes for Yucatanas.

### Newport Nursery Co.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Nursery Company held a meeting Tuesday afternoon and organized under the charter recently granted by the General Assembly with the following officers:

President—J. D. Davis.  
Secretary—H. S. Franklin.  
Treasurer—J. V. Cotton.  
Directors—L. D. Davis, J. P. Cotton, Wm. P. Clarke, R. S. Franklin, G. H. Reynolds.  
SOCIETY EXCITATIONS.

Firemen's Relief Association.  
President—Chief Engineer—J. E. Lake.  
Vice President—T. E. Rosenthal.  
Secretary—G. T. T. T. T.  
Treasurer—Captain F. S. Bowler.

At the seventh annual meeting of the Grand Assembly, Royal Society of Good Fellows, held in Providence Wednesday, Mr. Geo. W. Tilley and Mr. Wm. P. Denman, of this city, were elected grand counselor and trustee respectively. Past Ruler Geo. F. Rounds, of Gen. Burnside, Assembly, was also present at the meeting.

The Populists of Kansas have recommended for passage the anti-Pinkerton bill, which provides that it shall be unlawful for any railroad company or other corporation or person within that State to employ use any private armed detective forces during strikes or other disputes. A penalty of \$10,000 a day is prescribed for violations of such law.

The two large connecting hotels in the little village of Nonquit, near New Bedford, together with an adjoining farmhouse and four cottages, were burned Thursday night, loss \$40,000. The illumination was plainly seen from this city.

Mrs. Wade was in one respect a "tormenter" woman to live with, as her husband expressed it. She had "no imagination," he said, and "would ask the queerest questions."

At the supper table Mr. Wade mentioned a tragic circumstance that he had read that day in the newspaper. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked Mrs. Wade.

"Oh, not of course not," said Mr. Wade, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."

Bloobumper—You are going to swear on New Year's day, I suppose, McWay?

McWay—Certainly. You would not have me neglect a custom I have observed for twenty years, would you?

### Bow's Test!

We offer \$2000 Dollars reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Dr. H. C. Cattell's Eye Salve.

We, the undersigned, have known Dr. Cattell for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and thoroughly able to carry on any legitimate business.

W. E. CHENEY, White Drugstore, Toledo, Ohio.

W. W. WALKINGSTON & MASON, Whitehead Drugstore, Toledo, Ohio.

H. A. CHAPIN, Druggist, Boston.

W. E. CHAPIN, Druggist, Boston.